

Alacke no remedy to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget  
Your labour some and dainty Trimmes, wherein  
You made great *Imo* angry.

*Imo*. Nay be bresfe?  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis*. First, make your selfe but like one,  
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit  
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,  
(And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*  
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him  
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,  
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse  
With ioy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:  
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo*. Thou art all the comfort  
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,  
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen  
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,  
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with  
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

*Pis*. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Least being mist, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistis,  
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,  
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,  
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this  
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,  
And sit you to your Manhood: may the Gods  
Direct you to the best.

*Imo*. Amen: I thanke thee.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,  
and Lords.*

*Cym*. Thus faire, and so fare well.

*Luc*. Thankes, Royall Sir:

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My Masters Enemy.

*Cym*. Our Subjects (Sir)  
Will not endure his yoke; and for our selfe  
To shew lesse Souerainty then they, must needs  
Appeare vn-Kinglike.

*Luc*. So Sir: I desire of you  
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.  
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

*Cym*. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:  
The due of Honor, in no point omit:  
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

*Luc*. Your hand, my Lord.

*Clot*. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth  
I weare it as your Enemy.

*Luc*. Sir, the Euent

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym*. Leauie not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords  
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

*Qu*. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs  
That we haue giuen him cause.

*Clot*. 'Tis all the better,  
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

*Cym*. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor  
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely  
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:  
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues  
His warre for Britaine.

*Qu*. 'Tis not sleepey businesse,  
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

*Cym*. Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,  
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She looke vs like  
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,  
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for  
We haue bene too slight in sufferance.

*Qu*. Royall Sir,  
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd  
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,  
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke,  
And strokes death to her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cym*. Where is the Sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Mes*. Please you Sir,  
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer  
That will be giuen to th' lowd of noise, we make.

*Qu*. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmities,  
She should that dutie leaue vnpaid to you  
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court  
Made me too blame in memory.

*Cym*. Her doores lock'd?  
Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I  
Feare, proue false.

*Qu*. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

*Clot*. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Seruant  
I haue not seene these two dayes.

*Qu*. Go, looke after:

*Pisanio*, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,  
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleues  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:  
Or wing'd with seruour of her loue, she's flowne  
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,  
To death, or to dishonor, and my end  
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,  
I haue the placing of the Brittain Crowne.

*Enter Cloten.*

How now, my Sonne?

*Clot*. 'Tis certaine she is fled:  
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none  
Dare come about him.

*Qu*. All the better: may  
This night fore-fall him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*

*Clot*. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one  
The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but  
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on  
The low *Posthumus*, flanders to her iudgement,  
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,  
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—

*Enter Pisanio.*

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?  
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,  
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else  
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

*Pis*. Oh, good my Lord.

*Clot*. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,  
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,  
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?  
From whose so many wights of basenesse, cannot  
A dram of worth be drawne.

*Pis*. Alas, my Lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clot*. Where is the Sir? Come neerer:  
No farther halting: satisfie me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis*. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

*Clot*. All-worthy Villaine,  
Discover where thy Mistis is, at once,  
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:  
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is  
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

*Pis*. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.

*Clot*. Let's see't: I will pursue her  
Euen to *Augustus* Throne.

*Pis*. Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,  
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

*Clot*. Humh.

*Pis*. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

*Clot*. Sirra, is this Letter true?

*Pis*. Sir, as I thinke.

*Clot*. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-  
go those Employments wherein I should haue cause to vse  
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I  
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely: I would  
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want  
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-  
ment.

*Pis*. Well, my good Lord.

*Clot*. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and  
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that  
Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-  
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue  
mee?

*Pis*. Sir, I will.

*Clot*. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any  
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

*Pis*. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same  
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-  
stresse.

*Clot*. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite